

WHEN READ, PLEASE PASS TO A FRIEND.

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

*Diligentibus Deum
Omnia Cooperantur
in Bonum : : :*



*To Those Who Love
God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

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GOD'S LIGHT FALLS ON THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AS ELSEWHERE.

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Approved—by the Council of Archbishops, at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized—by Pope Pius X., at Rome, June 29, 1911.

Object—to train priests for missions to the heathen, and to arouse Catholic Americans to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this need.

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First Preparatory College—established near Scranton, Pa., Sept. 8, 1913.

Procure—opened in San Francisco, Sept. 13, 1917.

Assignment—to first field (*Yeungkong, China*), April 25, 1918.

Departures of Missioners—four, Sept. 8, 1918; three, Sept. 8, 1919; six, Sept. 8, 1920.

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District No. 2—Kochow.
District No. 3—Tungchan.
District No. 4—Loting.

*"Behold. I have given Thee to be the
light of the Gentiles, that thou
mayest be my salvation even to
the farthest parts of the
earth."—Isaiah 49.6.*

THOU art that Light, O Babe
of Bethlehem—Light of the
World. And we who see the
Light, Thy children, sing at
Christmas-tide as angels sang in
herald of Thy Birth, "Glory to
God in the highest and on earth
peace to men of good will".

We sing,—but others are silent.
Millions of mankind know not
how to bless Thy Name. Their
lips are sealed with sin and their
eyes with darkness; for their way
is in the shadow of the valley of
death.

Who will deliver them? Who
will bring to them the "light that
illumineth the darkness" and the
"glad tidings" of a Saviour's
Birth?

* *

THERE is nothing like a young-
ster to make us young again.
There was once a grandmother
who used to say her beads and
wait for death; then she became
a great-grandmother and she
forgot to wait for death in the
new life that came to the family.
And not the least of her joys
was the telling of the Birth of
Jesus to the big-eyed listening
boy.

Many of us this year will be
telling the centuries-old story to
the children, whether we be a
proud father or mother or aunt
or merely a gruff uncle. If we be

priest or religious our opportuni-
ties are increased a hundred fold
and many are the openings for a
word picture of Our Savior's
Birth.

In the formative period of
youth, the impress of our tale
will last. Our Christmas Story
will open and deepen the Catho-
lic missionary spirit in our chil-
dren if we present the fact to them
that Jesus came on earth to make
all men His brothers. We put
a new meaning in Christmas to a
child if we train him to look on
the Infant in the crib as loving
all boys and girls. The young
heart can expand more than our
crabbed natures make allowance
for, and a generous boyish heart
will give birth to nobler aims
with knowledge of a God Who
loves all men.

And, after all, this truly is the
message of the Birth of Jesus.
For very few of us who will tell
the story have come from
aught but "Gentile" stock.

* *

IN answer to a question, we
have stated elsewhere in this
issue that we can yet place im-
mediately, between our two
schools, seventy more burses.
We do not make this statement
with any anticipation of a con-
siderable number of burses in the
near future, although we are
convinced that the anticipation
will be realized before many
years shall have gone.

In the meantime, some friends
of the work are promoting the
cause by standing sponsor for

one or more year's support and tuition of Maryknoll students.

WE reported recently the establishment by Fr. Walsh, in Kochow, of the first Maryknoll orphanage in China. More orphanages will follow, with hospitals, and dispensaries, and mission schools.

Many a stay-at-home Catholic is often reminded of what he owes to the old parish school, and many a young heathen heart would respond with gratitude to similar memories if the opportunity were his.

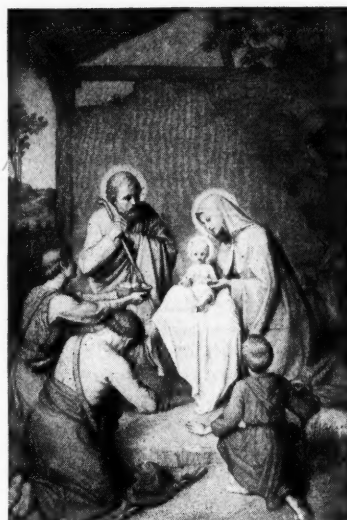
Some day Chinese elders will be affectionately looking back on their mission-school experience.

SEVERAL photographs of our missionaries' houses have appeared in these pages. These houses, a generous inheritance from the Paris foreign missionaries, appear well on paper and, because of their attractive verandahs, so necessary in the heated term, look much larger than they really are.

Our missionaries are building their first house at Loting, and they will profit by the best models they have, careful to avoid the unsanitary conditions under which so many of our French confrères have lived and under which so many have prematurely died.

Our Maryknoll-Bishop-in-China, himself a veteran, who has toiled and suffered much, urges us to see that our men overseas are properly housed,—i.e. with sleeping quarters above the city or village wall, with verandahs so as to catch the air at night, and with netting to keep off the bites of germ-laden mosquitoes. (They should also be provided with canned goods so as not to be confined exclusively to Chinese diet.)

This paper employs no paid agents.



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

—ST. LUKE 11, 10, 11.

The Holy Church of God, remembering the divine command, has never ceased through the centuries to send out continually heralds and ministers of the Divine Word to announce the tidings of eternal salvation brought to the human race by Jesus Christ. —Pope Benedict XV.

THE day is surely coming when, under the zealous inspiration of our American priests, individual parishes in the homeland will be helping individual missions to get on their own feet.

Already the interest of American priests is marked, and gradually, as they become familiar with conditions abroad, they will discover practical means of cooperation. Some have, in fact, already begun, and here is one from the Middle West who writes:

I have introduced the plan of having a collection taken up monthly for the foreign missions.

Though this parish needs a new church, for which I am trying to raise a \$60,000 fund, and we have quite a heavy burden to carry on account of our school,

still I think that we and all American Catholics should do something for the missions.

Copies of THE FIELD AFAR have been distributed. Could you write a nice short letter which I could publish in my parish monthly? You might give the name of one catechist, for I think we could support one.

RECENTLY, after lengthy research and extensive tests, certain medical authorities in Hawaii claim to have discovered a remedy against leprosy.

While a goodly number of apparent cures have been recorded, the sponsors of the new treatment rightly feel that it has, as yet, had insufficient test to warrant its proposal as curative. It would indeed be almost a crime to raise unfounded hopes in the hearts of those afflicted with this living death, and lead them to expect a cure when such may not be possible. At the same time, however, the medical authorities seem to believe that their discovery is in reality the long sought "cure".

Contrary to what one might expect from modern medical methods, the treatment is not the complicated and expensive X-Ray, nor radium emanations, but the apparently simple process of injections of chaulmoogra oil.

The bearing on foreign mission work is evident. Leprosy—the disease of the unclean—the "scourge of Satan"—seems almost endemic to pagan peoples.

It will be long before competent doctors go forth in sufficient numbers to attend the leper colonies of the pagan world. The missionaries are already there. A simple medical treatment that the ordinary missionary might give, would indeed mean a very gift from heaven to these poor unfortunates, bringing to them in their despair a new lease on life.

Among our Divine Saviour's most impressive miracles was the instantaneous cleansing of the lepers. It should be every Christian's most earnest hope and

prayer that the claims made for the new treatment are not overstated, and that we have at last an effective antidote to the terrible "white death."

* *

ELSEWHERE in this issue, and recently by mail, we have made known to our readers a desire to secure at this period of our existence some *Stringless Gifts*.

Any one who is used to computing the outlays of growing institutions will understand the reason for this form of appeal, and keen readers of THE FIELD AFAR will know that there is something of an obstruction which we of Maryknoll wish to have removed before we forge ahead on the next move.

Since we started nine years ago we have tried to be cheerful beggars for the service of Christ, and our files tell the result so far as this paper is concerned. Then from time to time we send along the line a message for help to push this or that enterprise. We have even occasionally followed up these messages, and then we have closed the appeal so as not to weary our good-natured friends.

We ourselves have wondered and still wonder at the steady stream that comes to Maryknoll from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to and through the Canadian line. We say daily our word of thanks to God for His inspiration of benefactors—and as often we pray to Him for those benefactors themselves.

We referred above to an obstruction. It is a litter of odds and ends—unexpected wind-up costs on previous building enterprises at one or other of the Maryknolls,—sunken conduits, steam installations—things that count although they appear not, and since we are even now "pretty big", or big without being pretty, this all runs into

As we go to press the mail brings two special gifts from Boston, one of one thousand dollars, through the favor of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, for the Maryknoll Sisters' work with the Japanese, and the other, of two thousand dollars, from the Diocesan Seminary Academia for a chapel in the Maryknoll mission-field.

some thousands when we add our several establishments.

When we work at our desk we like to see the table cleared for action, and when, as today, we look forward to the erection of a permanent home for the aspirant apostles of America we are anxious to put behind us accumulations that only money can remove. And that is why we have called for *Stringless Gifts*, to remove that litter, some of which, thank God, is already out of the way.

* *

Stray Notes.

WHILE in Hongkong, the Archbishop of Manila and Fr. McErlaine made a pilgrimage to the grave of our beloved Fr. Price.

The first known American priests to be ordained in China are Fr. Robert Clarke and Fr. Clifford King, both born in New York State and both members of the Society of the Divine Word.

Our Maryknoll specialist on *agri* and other forms of culture, who is now in China, will be interested to learn that the Foreign Mission Board of the Baptist Church is sending over an *agricultural missionary*.

American Catholics interested in our Japanese immigration problem, will find some clear and reliable information in the pamphlet entitled *Mr. Vanderlip's Message*, an address delivered before the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

Fr. Seeberger, C. PP. S., of Burkettsville, O., an untiring friend of many missions, is raising his voice just now to help Austrian priests as well as his group of beneficiaries in pagan lands. He makes known a special need of Mass stipends.

A priest in Spanish Honduras has enough to eat—at least, enough bananas—but is looking for an old cassock. He is "stout and rather short". If the cassock turns up it can be addressed to Rev. J. J. Girimondi, c/o United Fruit Co., 17 Battery Place, N. Y. C.

Miss Akiou To Han, a Chinese young lady from the city of Canton, received the white veil of the novice recently at the Immaculate Conception Convent, Outremont, near Montreal.

Miss To Han was educated by these sisters at the school in Canton.

Our Holy Father has recently expressed special interest in the North American Indians, and His Holiness urges all who can to back Monsignor Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, in the work which he has for years been so zealously conducting.

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H A V E Y O U A G I F T F O R J E S U S ?

A God-Speed to Rev. Maurice J. Norckauer, ordained at Notre Dame last June as a member of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and now on his way to India!

It is gratifying, too, to learn that conditions are changing in favor of a return of German missionaries even to British colonies.

There is a remembrance in China of

Fr. F. X. Engbring, O.F.M.

who was born in the United States, presumably at St. Louis. He died about 1896 and is buried in Wuchang. Perhaps some of our Missouri readers knew this missionary. In that event, we shall welcome further information.

Our *Colored Missions* announces that worthy negro boys are to be educated for the priesthood. A seminary has been started for this purpose, by the Fathers of the Divine Word, at Greenville, Mississippi. This is the first of its kind in the United States and Catholic negroes are rejoicing.

The New York Archdiocese has for some time past encouraged *The Catholic Students' League*, a special work that provides an outlet for Catholic College students who have at heart the spread of the Faith, and an inlet to young minds and hearts open to impressions of the Apostolate. Elementary schools are visited by graduates and seniors. Mission posters are displayed, and talks given on the subject of missions, the direct purpose being to secure from the children promises of prayer. The idea, launched in New York under the strong patronage of Monsignor Dunn, has already spread outside the confines of the archdiocese. It is a workable idea and easy of execution, especially when, as in New York, it has behind it not only the Diocesan Director of mission activities but also the Reverend Superintendent of Schools.

In Xavier's Land.

*American Catholic Mission,
Yeungkong.*



DEAR Maryknoll:

I've made the great pilgrimage—the pilgrimage of Asia—to the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. I have heard that pilgrimages are dissipating instead of profitable, and I dare say few would make this trip with recollection.

It sounds ridiculous—or did to me—that we have been almost two years in China without visiting our nearest priest neighbor, much less "Sancian", whose peaks are visible from the Yeungkong territory. It is a trip of only one-hundred-fifty miles, or less—and on the Chinese maps it is easily made. In fact, it was only a five days' walk; but the difficulty lay in stopping places. Yeungkong territory extends fifty miles to the east of the city of Yeungkong and is fairly well inhabited: beyond that, however, there is a stretch of ground for another fifty, where wild duck and partridge reign, with robbers as their vassals. It is like the

hunting grounds near the Delaware Water Gap—without its auto roads and wayside inns that rob one in a more genteel fashion.

The same distance westwards to Kochow can be covered in four easy days, but the mountains that join the Sancian prefecture and Yeungkong made us bleary-eyed and yawning. When we were not on the road—Fr. Gauthier, Fr. Yeung our Chinese neighbor, and myself—we were making up for lost sleep. I have faint recollections of repeating the same Breviary psalms because I was not awake enough to turn the pages.

The first day's trip was a regular mission journey to our nearest chapel,—Taikau. We "hit the hay", or rather the board, right after supper and said Mass the next morning at three. Our breakfast turned out to be dinner, also. We hired chairs, for July is not the month to flirt with the sun, and we covered thirty-five miles in twelve hours through deserted mountains and valleys.

The first sign of good times ahead of us was the appearance of three Christians, who had come a mere matter of twenty miles to meet us. They were just in time, for we had taken the wrong fork of the road. It is



WHERE MARYKNOLLERS HIKE IN CHINA.
Farmers crossing the dykes to market.

H E D E S I R E S O N L Y S O U L S .

hard to realize the utter ignorance of the people in regard to distances or roads, but questioning brings it forth.

As we crossed the boundary mountain between Yeungkong and Sunning, our coolies were dismayed to find it hard to understand Sunning Chinese. The surprise of the Sunning natives was even more evident. I, on my part, was reassured, for no matter what attempt I made at speaking, it was sure to be accepted and respected as Yeungkongese—and my reputation would not suffer.

Fr. Gauthier smiled at my notion that the natives of Sunning differ physically from those of Yeungkong. They seemed to me more alert and a shade more polite. The great difference, though, is in the number of men who had returned from America. The first boy I spoke with was born and baptized in New York City; and Seattle, Boston, Cuba and Mexico were mouthed almost beyond recognition. One village, *Tin Liu* (Liu's Fields) proudly set out for us a lunch of canned pears, condensed milk, and baked beans. Luckily they had not opened the cans, for it would have been a shame to rob them of their whole stock of foreign stuffs. This showed, I think, the contrast between the two districts. One might travel throughout Yeungkong and, with the exception of kerosene, see little imported from abroad. Yeungkong has a pride in being exclusive, while Sunning keeps

open intercourse with the rest of the world. In several Christian villages we visited, the returned emigrants were paraded and we were impromptu judges of their



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER ON SANCIAN

science; Spanish, Portuguese, Cuban, Mexican, English and what not, were blurted out for our verdict. And this not in big cities but in villages.

We stopped overnight only four miles from the ocean and we could see Sancian Island in the distance. In the morning the boat we hired did not turn up, so we took the first sailboat that came along. The distance of Sancian from the mainland is only fifteen miles at this point and I often wondered why St. Francis Xavier had not made the attempt to cross here. Perhaps our difficulty may explain his. The wind failed us when we were ten minutes on the ocean.

We sat there with prospects of an all day's wait, when fortunately a little tugboat came puffing by. We hailed it but the captain was unwilling to go to Sancian as he had to be in at Kwonghoi before low tide. He invited us to get on board and, as it seemed

better to spend the night at Kwonghoi than to count the stars from our little sailboat, we were glad to change boats. It was a bit tantalizing to see Sancian so near, especially since the chances of finding a boat to hire at Kwonghoi were slim.

Five miles of the tugboat brought us across the path of a two-master. We tooted for some minutes, but she pretended not to hear us, for such a call usually means a commandeering of the vessel by soldiers with small chance of being paid. What the boat's whistle could not effect was brought about by Fr. Yeung's two hundred pounds and his bellowing voice. They saw his bulk and recognized him, and instantly hove to. We bargained a good half hour, and finally our bags and ourselves changed from the low tugboat to the big vessel by means of ropes and a man at each leg to boost. The tugboat charged us nothing for the short ride.

The sailing vessel was manned by Catholics and they made the rest of the journey interesting by chatting as they sat around and wove new nets. I often wondered how sailors "kill" time. Here everyone, including the children, had a sort of bobbin threaded with fibre and juggled it dexterously without stopping the chatter. They pumped us dry as the boat itself, yet without the American habit of popping questions. They took whatever leeway we gave them and soon had the history of our past as far as Fr. Yeung, who was showing us off, knew it.

It was low tide as we neared Sancian, so for the fourth time that day we changed boats,—this time to a little dory that landed us in the mud.

Fr. Hue, the Chinese priest who is alone at Sancian, was not expecting us till next day, but what he lacks of Fr. Yeung's organizing ability he makes up in a quiet, gentle cheerfulness.

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This is a new edition of what was known as Field Afar Tales, and we call it to the special attention of priests and sisters who desire to spread mission books.

Y O U C A N G A I N F O R H I M

Besides, we still had Fr. Yeung with us to hustle things a bit. As foreigners we are supposed not to like Chinese dishes, so a can of condensed milk was trotted out and, with hot water added, we were "lunched".

I shan't describe Sancian at much length. A geography will tell you its location, but a few words "so as not to weary the learned, and yet instruct the ignorant" might be taken in good part. (I fear I may be taking a rather melancholy view of the island, due perhaps to lack of sleep and an empty inner man.)

The bleak, deserted rocks and dunes of lonely Sancian seem a fitting background for the death of St. Francis Xavier. A missionary, he had cast his lot away from friends and had entered the valley of pagan death, and Sancian symbolizes that. An island where no rivers run, where there are no brooks nor lakes, nor even beds to tempt a shallow pool to stay overnight, its mountain peaks are bare and parched, and only where the natives have dug wells or held the rain from wasting itself in the salt sea has vegetation found a soil.

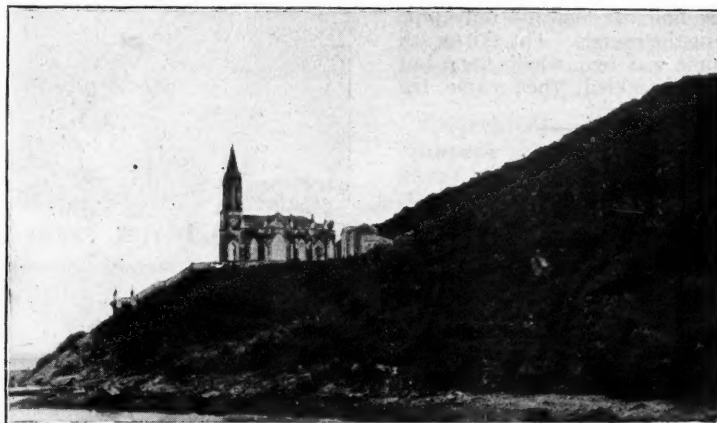
St. Francis chose a peak that pushed its way nearest the mainland of China. It was a poor spot to live in. Cut off from the warm south wind in winter and the steady cool ocean breeze of the summer months, and open to the penetrating rains, it gave no shelter to the Saint.

But before him lay the land of his heart's desire. Fifteen miles away, though seemingly much nearer, the coast of China stretched itself as far as his eye could reach: to the north and east the green hills of Sunning, to the west the bare, brown peaks of Yeungkong. From his station the scene was not inviting to an apostle of souls, for from it the Chinese villages are hidden from view and not a house can be seen on the mainland. The only signs of life are the hundreds of fishing

boats that take the first gust of the dawn to ride out to the deep.

St. Francis' heart surely must have warmed to these sailors, for they were his only link with the mainland. Their boats present a striking sight in the hazy dawn—uncanny birds that flock in silent order to the deep, and rest, transfixed and motionless, their brown sails spread out stiffly like geese that dry their wings. It is the only touch of poetry in an otherwise arid scene. It must have been a contrast to the Inland Sea of Japan which St. Francis had just left and, fresh from the gardens of the Japanese lords with their fountains and miniature lakes and flowers, especially the chrysanthemums, the Saint must have found the treeless, sandy hospitality of Sancian a sorry change.

The place where he was buried has been fairly well ascertained.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER WAS BURIED.

Each century since his death has seen some attempt to mark the spot, while anti-foreign outbreaks among the natives did their worst to desecrate the little monuments erected. Finally, within the last century, a solidly built little Gothic chapel has defied the white ants of bigotry, although it now presents a forlorn sight. The

glass windows have been replaced by brickwork and the chapel is stripped of all ornament except two kneeling benches—which, after all, is perhaps a help to recollection. The tomb is away from any village, but the other chapels on the island are surrounded by Catholic families.

We spent the day visiting the nearer villages, and the evening with the prefect. It was my first "Society" dinner and I admit I went to it with a queer feeling, fearing I could not stomach the unknown dishes. We carried our cassocks, for the lanes were muddy and the bushes that hedged them were fruitful in "stickers" that adhere to the clothing and tickle. Before we reached the prefect's house we donned our cassocks and adjusted our wrinkles and smiles. Fortunately, the prefect felt his hut too warm and small, so we adjourned to a watch tower. It was like

the belfry of a countrychurch. Up rickety ladders we climbed to the fourth landing, where we found five other guests awaiting us. At a signal from the prefect we took off our cassocks and opened our shirt collars, while he and his Chinese friends stripped to undershirts and would not have taken it amiss had we suggested less.

The meal was a corker,—twelve courses, everyone of which I enjoyed and even took my full share of. Five were pork dishes in various forms; three were chicken, duck and, I think, pheasant or dog, with no difference in taste from the pork; one was sharks' fins; and another finally macaroni. The drinks were Japanese asaki and American lemonade, orangeade, and ginger ale—in fact half a dozen bottles of "pop"—and they insisted on mixing the drinks.

The only attempt at etiquette I saw was an awkward wait each time I laid down or took up my chopsticks: it was a signal for all to do the same. I felt like a murderer who has a dozen detectives on his trail. I would try to gulp a little "pop", only to create a scramble for glasses as each man imitated the action. We stopped after an hour or so and were given a basin of hot water and a towel (for eight of us!). Then an individual toothpick and the one and only pipe went the rounds. The thirteenth course was rice, which none but myself tackled; then came tea and good-night.

Mass in the morning was early, and after breakfast Fr. Yeung and I bade adieu to our host, Fr. Hue, and to Fr. Gauthier, who has been a real elder brother to each of us of Maryknoll-in-China. Veteran though he is, he has retained the piety of his Seminary days, and his methodical life in spiritual matters, in labors that call for a frequent, almost daily, readjustment of schedule, has been edifying. His half-hour's meditation before Mass was rarely shortened during the two years I've known him. It is curious how partings turn out differently from what we would make them. In the haste of departure I had time simply to lean over the back of the boat for a handshake and a quick word.

We had a Robinson Crusoe affair for a boat, smaller than

most rowboats at home, and many of the boards had sprung out of joint. It was too small for a sail, but there was no chance of using one as the sea was not even lapping the shore. The two sailors were content to make a day of it and the fifteen miles looked long in the July sun, so Fr. Yeung and I took spells at the extra oar. Chinese oars are heavy, clumsy, spliced affairs that need both hands to hold them in place and a few sets of muscles to set them in motion.



IN TIME FOR THE FERRY.

We did not help much, but at least we stimulated the old tars to increased speed. Fr. Yeung's mission was reached in good time for supper, and a swim loosened my tender muscles.

Masses were said in the morning at three o'clock. By relays of couriers to have the ferry ready when we needed to cross a river, we made Taikau by sunset, traversing about thirty-five miles of good roads and one large sized hill. At Taikau we repeated the stunt of getting up at two-thirty and so made Yeungkong by dinner time.

The trip cost \$33. At least \$15 would have had to be spent

As high an estimate as I have of the ministry, I consider that the climax of that calling is to go out in missionary service.....It takes mighty good stuff to be a missionary of the right type, the best stuff there is in this world. It takes a great deal of courage to break the shell and go twelve thousand miles away to risk an unfriendly climate, to master a foreign language, perhaps the most difficult one on earth to learn, to adopt strange customs, to turn aside from earthly fame and emolument, and most of all, to say good-bye to home and the faces of the loved ones virtually forever.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

for Fr. Gauthier anyway, and the two visits to our mission chapel at Taikau, and the week's recreation in Fr. Yeung's happy company, were well worth the rest.

The trip overland is a bit awkward for future Maryknollers, as it inconveniences a score of peaceful natives and takes a minimum of six days. I think it wiser, the next time, to hire a little boat at Yeungkong and arrange to be towed along by the Kongmoon boats as far as Sancian. That will mean two days in a rowboat, but if we bring sandwiches along, with a throatful of song, we'll survive the ordeal. Sancian is really near as Chinese distances go, and it's a mighty comfort to realize that St. Francis feasted his eyes on Yeungkong territory and possibly envied the lucky missionary who would work there. It's a humbling thought—that we have the privilege of evangelizing the people St. Francis was not given length of days to work among.

F. X. F.

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B Y H E L P I N G H I S M I S S I O N E R S —



A MESSAGE from the otherside announces that the third group of Maryknollers fell safely into the arms of their old friends and companions.

In the meantime, their letters sent from along the line have reached and delighted the friends they left behind them. Here are some extracts.

(On the ocean)

The Chinese students on board are excellent characters and delightful to meet. Several of them have A. B. and A. M. degrees from Yale, Columbia, and other universities. We not only find them easy of approach, but frequently they come to us desiring to get acquainted. Some of them spend a great deal of time with us and ask many questions relative to the Faith. We try to emphasize the fact that we are going to their country for purely religious motives and find they appreciate that.

Many of the passengers on board are Protestant missionaries, but there are not

WAITING.

Only an arm of the sea between—
Yet do they stand and wait
Till the ages shall roll the Orient
Just west of the Golden Gate?

Show me the hearts of apostles
Pulsing with martyr's red,
For I weep—lest with peril af-
frighted,
Fair Charity be dead.

Thus I spoke, in my sin of fear,
Blind to the faith in men;
Till prophecy dawned, and the
East out-cried,
"The Christ is here! Amen."

so many of them as at first appeared. A good number are medical doctors or instructors in natural sciences.

(At Honolulu)

After mailing about a hundred letters and a million postcards, we stopped to do a little shopping. In one of the stores a red-topped individual, very sporty-looking, accosted Fr. Dietz. "Are you Irish?" says he, he says, looking at the collar. "No, but I'm Catholic", was the reply. Thereupon Casey—for such was his name—told us he had just arrived from Shanghai, and gave us some sage advice on the state of exchange, etc. Mr. C. may call at the Knoll on his way to Ireland.

We met the Fathers of the Sacred Heart at the rectory. This Society is in charge of all the Hawaiian missions. Their first priests came from Belgium, in 1829, by way of Cape Horn. What a trip that must have been in those days! In comparison, ours was certainly de luxe. We found the names of last year's missionaries on the register as we entered our own. There is a K. C. building next to the Cathedral.

Along the Pacific.

HOW is Maryknoll getting along out there? asked a way-back-Easterner of the Superior, who had just returned from an inspection of the camps. And what are the prospects? the inquirer added.

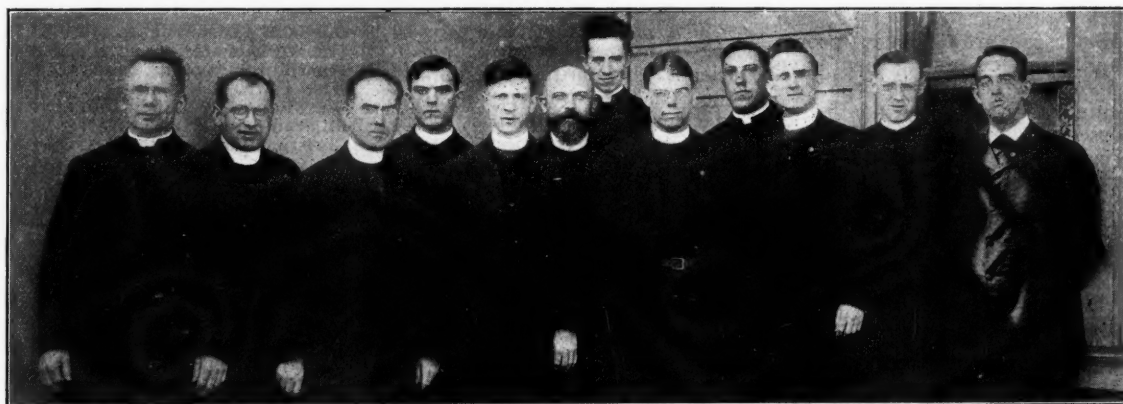
To record the answer given would be a long, though very interesting, story. Here is a summary:

At San Francisco

one priest and two auxiliary brothers are "holding down" a rented house at 1911 Van Ness Avenue. "Holding it down" has a meaning, because that broad thoroughfare, the mecca of San Francisco motorists, is being rapidly lined with automobile establishments that threaten to crowd out our little wooden home any day.

Fortunately, the lease runs for some time, and meanwhile the place looks cosy and it is convenient for its usual occupants, if not for the growing number of guests who are attracted to its hospitable doorway.

Guests! Maryknoll-in-San Francisco has broken its record. It has turned away friends,—but we hasten to add that this was because of its desire not to inflict



AT THE S. F. PROCURE BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF MARYKNOLL'S THIRD GROUP FOR OVERSEAS.

Fr. Cairns

Fr. Wiseman

Fr. McKenna

Fr. Dietz

Fr. Donovan

Fr. Sweeney

Fr. Breton

Fr. Hodgins

Fr. Staub

Bro. Thomas

Fr. Byrne

Bro. Joseph

P R I E S T S , B R O T H E R S , A N D N U N S

suffering on respectable people. Four bedrooms are too few for two bishops, two superiors-general, one superior, three just-plain-missioners, and the three San Francisco Maryknollers. So—well, there you are!

All of which seems to point to the fact that the Maryknoll Procure in San Francisco is in danger of being turned into a hotel for Catholic missioners in general. So be it! While we



TWO MARYKNOLL JAPANESE NUNS IN LOS ANGELES.

have a bed or a plank, and a crust of bread or a sliver of ham, the weary missioner who has just crossed the Rockies from the East, or the Pacific from the West (which is also the East), will be drawn inside the gates and find his brothers.

Then, besides the guests, there are other visitors. The San Franciscans are a "homey" people and not a few among them have presented themselves at the Procure. And once a month the assembly hall—a fairly good-sized house basement—is filled by the *Women's Auxiliary*, representing several sections of San Francisco and its environs.

From the beginning, this San Francisco *Auxiliary* has maintained interest and practically

FRIENDS ON THE COAST

will find it convenient to secure Maryknoll supplies—books, prints, postcards, etc.—from the Maryknoll Procure, 1911 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco,—Rev. Joseph A. Sweeney, Director.

solved the question of house rental—by meeting it.

The San Francisco Procure is as yet a very modest establishment, but, at the suggestion of the recent Apostolic Visitor to China, it will be made something of a clearing house for Celestial Catholics flying through the Golden Gate.

It is doubtless true that at least scores, if not hundreds, of immigrant Chinese Catholics have drifted away, as did many European Catholics early in the last century, because they had no one to guide them.

They came to America with their pagan friends, with no directions, and probably under the impression, so common in China, that there are no Catholics in this country.

Our European confrères in China will be pleased to learn that the straying sheep can now turn into the Maryknoll Procure for counsel.

Another interesting note on San Francisco is that an embryo mission college has started up there. Among the students in the preparatory department of the San Francisco diocesan Seminary at Menlo Park are two young California Maryknollers—fore-runners of scores yet to come from the Pacific Coast. To the good will of Archbishop Hanna and to the interest of our Sulpician friends, the spiritual directors of the Seminary, we owe the favor of a simple arrangement by which our California vocations may be nurtured at Menlo Park until such time as Maryknoll can provide a building of its own. Menlo Park lies near Palo Alto, south of San Francisco about thirty miles, and is delightfully located—but we are not writing for a tourist agency. Maryknoll has already struck foot in the friendly Catholic heart of San Francisco.

As to Los Angeles, the report is gratifying, although

Christmas Almost Here!

Are you an eleventh hour shopper? Don't worry! You can find suitable and sure-to-be-welcomed gifts for all, on the Maryknoll sale table. Read this!

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or

(b) A Subscription to The Maryknoll Junior

or

(c) A Maryknoll Book (See list below)

or

(d) A Maryknoll Pin (p. 288)

or

(e) A Maryknoll Ring (288)

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Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE

MISSIONERS NEED CATECHISTS, CHAPELS,

conditions have been quite different.

At Los Angeles, Maryknoll has been represented by one of its priests and three sisters, all of whom have been giving special attention, under the direction of Fr. Breton (of the Paris Seminary) to the Japanese.

Fr. Breton, a seasoned missionary from Japan, had already begun this work and had even gone so far as to call over from Japan a group of native sisters to care for the Japanese children entrusted to his care. But Fr. Breton was alone, and liable to be recalled; and it was on this account that Bishop Cantwell, good shepherd who would have all of one fold, invited the A.F.M. to assume responsibility for the continuance of this special work.

The Maryknoll Superior in his recent visit left a promising development, a striking feature of which is the record of Japanese generosity. A substantial school is needed to replace a wooden structure altogether inadequate; and it is confidently expected that the Japanese themselves will meet in large measure the cost. Already the subscriptions are running up to ten thousand dollars.

There are difficult and delicate questions that concern the Japanese in this country, especially in California, and a sympathetic attitude is hardly popular at present: but Christ made no distinction of race, and it is our duty to disclose His Heart to people for whom It broke—and who cannot but be better if warmed by Its rays.

The Maryknoll Sisters love their little charges, and are not less fond of their Japanese sisters. The two communities are separate, living opposite each other but uniting frequently for devotions.

There is every reason to believe that the center at Los Angeles will prove its usefulness and react favorably on the mission spirit

of California, as also on the future labors of Maryknoll-in-Japan.

Los Angeles is a long night run south from San Francisco.

Seattle,

the third Maryknoll Settlement on the Pacific Coast, is north of San Francisco, as you know, of course (if you remember your geography), and takes about two days and a night to reach—but Seattle is worth the trip.

Everybody who lives in Seattle, wherever he may have been born, has only good words to say of that enterprising city of 300,000 inhabitants, which looks out by turns on Puget Sound and snow-clad peaks while it keeps roses abloom in its garden and welcomes tulips and green grass in late March or early April.

Seattle can hardly be called a strongly Catholic city if strength be reckoned by numbers. Catholics are not ten per cent of the population, but Catholic institutions have made their impression upon the city and they certainly open wide the eyes of strangers from "back East." Not long ago a great hotel, splendidly built and perfectly equipped, was converted into a sanatorium conducted by Catholic sisters: and within the past few weeks another hotel, excellently situated near the Cathedral, has been secured as a working girls' home, to replace a smaller establishment which is overcrowded and has a large waiting list. An Old Peoples' Home will soon be erected—but these are only the latest in a long list of good works that do not except even a Carmelite convent.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the inspired direction of so many activities should extend to the Orientals within the gates. Maryknoll gladly accepted the invitation of Bishop O'Dea to plant a mustard seed in Seattle—with the hope and the prayer that before long a tree would give shelter to a goodly number.

An English-speaking priest is desired in Macao. As we recall the need, it is especially for a teacher of English in the college or seminary.

The Superior found the seed still under ground, but full of life. At present there are two Maryknoll Sisters in Seattle, assisted by a lay helper. These pioneers have as yet only a temporary home, but the eyes of a kindly bishop and of warm-hearted priests and sisters are turned towards them. And the laity, once assured of this backing, will be anxious to manifest their good will.

Later, in all probability, a Maryknoll priest will take the fort at Seattle and make an abiding place for his successor and a passing home for scores—often hundreds—of missionaries who, for one reason or another, will use the northern and shorter passage to the Orient.

Then there will be two Maryknoll Procures on the Coast, and both, we dare to prophesy, will be, before long, working at full capacity.

We like to think of these half-way houses to the Far East. They please the vision and give comfort to the heart, while they emphasize the place of the A. F. M. in the great organization of the Catholic Church in this country.



Christmas at Kochow.

*American Catholic Mission,
Kochow, China.*



MY second Christmas in China was in many ways the happiest ever for me, for it was my first as a pastor of souls. Of course, I was too busy to indulge in any ecstatic feelings—although there was certainly much to console me—for here, as elsewhere, the people's holiday is a busy day for the priest. It is only now, when it is over, that I can sit back and really appreciate all the grounds for consolation that it brought.

I have told you that in the town of Kochow we have only six Catholics, and that all our people live in small villages at distances from this mission varying from three miles to three days. You know, too, that these villagers as a rule come to the mission only four times a year,—Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and Assumption. Even on those days we cannot hope to have the full number, for somebody must stay at home to keep going whatever work they do, and, also, there must always be a guardian to watch the house, for we are in troubled China.

On the morning of Christmas Eve we put the finishing touches on our simple decorations, which consisted simply of potted flowers for the altar and sanctuary, green garlands for the aisles and to outline the doors, and some very Chinese paper stars and streamers wherever they would make the bravest show. I omitted the crib. When I suggested it, I was met on all sides by the counter

While you are sleeping in America, 12 missionaries in China, and over 3,000 converts, are praying for you and the other enrolled members of the American Foreign Mission Society.

suggestion, "Wan Shan Foo (Fr. Mollat) did not have it". Next year we shall have our crib, and a Christmas tree, too, for the kids,—if the Lord spares me.

The Christians began to drop in about lunch time on Christmas Eve, and for the remainder of that day the pastor was pretty busy hearing confessions, accounting for a hundred before the day was over. This is not a great many, but one Chinese confession is easily equivalent to three of ours at home in point of time. The missionaries have instructed the Christians to say the Confiteor and other prayers in the confessional, and prayers rendered in Chinese take twice as long as ours.

As with you, Christmas Eve is a fast day here. So there was no jollification. Indeed most of the people walked their ten or twenty miles on an empty stomach, and the only food they took was their one meal at four p.m., according to the Chinese way of keeping fast days.

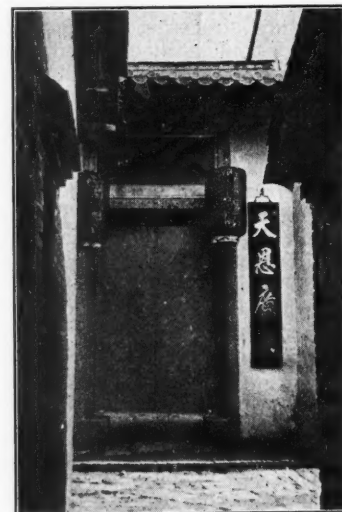
Not for long did we "hit the hay," for on the missions we always have Midnight Mass. It was good to have Fr. Gauthier sing this Mass, as most of our people are his old converts of twenty-five years ago, when he received Kochow as his first mission. Our catechist, *Epiphanius Yip*, who is in excellent relations with everybody in the town, borrowed an organ from the Government School, but when it came to a showdown nobody cared to tackle it, so the choir, consisting of Fr. O'Shea and myself, rendered the Christmas music. Fr. Gauthier said afterwards that the singing was "tres fort", which criticism hit the mark exactly, for it was strong, all right,—even to the point of being rank.

The people, however, did not seem to mind. We are told that the Chinese could not tell the difference between the Vatican Choir and Al Jolson,—so little

May we suggest the adoption of a catechist? A good catechist means the addition of at least one hundred adults to the fold of Christ every year.

appreciation have they for Western music. This seems strange to me, inasmuch as I have not yet met a Chinese who did not seem to have an ear for music. Besides, they pick up our airs readily and sing them correctly. But we have been told by many that they have no liking for our music, even after they have become familiar with it.

Fr. O'Shea and I said our Masses from six to 9 a.m., and please note that *the people heard the entire nine Masses* that were said here. Added to that, they heard a half-hour sermon preached by Fr. Gauthier in the morning, and even submitted to a fifteen minute oration delivered by your humble servant, although of this latter they understood hardly a word, I am perfectly



THE MAIN—AND ONLY—DOOR OF KOCHOW'S "CATHEDRAL". sure. Learning Chinese is still "slow going". We then finished up with Benediction at 1 p.m.,—the usual time on the missions here,—which capped what we thought was a very, very happy Christmas.

G E T Y O U R F R I E N D S T O H E L P

As if the day was not complete, we had a baptism to make it so. He was a boy of fourteen, whose father was a baptized Catholic, so it was a plain case of baptizing him out of hand. This was the pastor's privilege, and the young man emerged rejoicing in the name of James Edward,—not after me, however, but named for Father James Edward Spalding, of Erie, Pa., whose sister is one of the Sisters of Charity of Marillac Seminary, Missouri.

We have forty catechumens studying, and they wanted to be baptized, insisting that I question them in doctrine. This I did, and they knew it very well, but still it was not hard to stump them, for I did not want to baptize them at this time. And for this reason: they are married men, and their wives have not studied the doctrine. I told them to study a little harder, to get their wives to study at once, and that if everything went well, I would baptize them at Easter. This will mean Catholic families, whereas if we baptize the men first, the wives in many cases will not bother with it, and there is a divided house.

Wherever I have been the Chinese seem anxious to get our medicines, but this place has them all "beat." Almost every man-jack needed something. *Quinine* is most in demand, because they all have malaria, and *santonin* also has a big call for the children. I gave out some paregoric, too, for children at home who seemed to have colic, as nearly as I could make out from the description their parents gave. I see more and more every day that we shall have to do some intelligent medical work over here. Priests with a little first aid training are all right, but this does not go very far. We need doctors.

That's about all there was to Christmas Day, when you come to tell it. Most of the people started on the trail back home during the afternoon,

only a few staying over for St. Stephen's Day, when the last stragglers departed. And so you have a prosy recital of the actual happenings of Christmas Day at Kochow. The atmosphere I am afraid I cannot put into words, nor even between the lines, perhaps, but still you will sense that it was a wonderful Christmas and that it brought great spiritual joy to us all.



KOCHOW KIDDIES—SONS OF THE HEAD CATECHIST.

It was only my second Christmas in China, but already I do not miss the snow and holly, any more than the turkey. The stage is entirely different here, and these old time-honored properties would not fit it; so we have our own tropical setting of bright sunshine and waving palms, and find that Christmas fits into the scheme very well. Then we have around us kind hearts and simple faith,—and this time even Norman blood, too, I suppose,—if Fr. Gauthier will not mind being put down for a Norman, though he is really from "le midi",—I believe.

A billion of souls are perishing for the want of missionary effort. There is no possible way of supplying that appalling need, except by educating our people to realize it, and training them to mission effort. How can we possibly say that we love this billion of souls now perishing, and yet refuse to take the only possible way of saving them?—Fr. Price at the Educational Convention, 1918.

A Chinese professor who has been associated with the Irish Mission at its College in Galway was crossing the Atlantic not many weeks ago on his way to China. One day the conversation of a group of passengers turned on the Irish question and a grandiloquent personage expressed his conviction that if Ireland were granted home rule the people would not continue to cry for a Republic.

Immediately, and with considerable warmth, the Chinaman retorted, "But, sir, we are not asking for a Republic, we already have one!"

The Republic of Ireland may yet show the world the value of a Chinaman as a loyal citizen.

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WE at Maryknoll extend to our friends throughout the world greetings and hearty good wishes for a most blessed and joyous Christmastide.

By the way, have you been building anything these past few years? Probably not. And we congratulate you, because you are just so far behind in the line that leads to a Home for the Feeble-Minded. It has been a common saying that "one is foolish to build now"—and we have been "foolish"—but with God's help the foolish can accomplish something, and in the meantime we of Maryknoll are content in the thought that no deserving applicant has been or will be turned away from our door—and possibly from his vocation.

We send an S. O. S. occasionally to our subscribers, because most of them are also special friends of the missions.

In fact, we must do so, for obvious reasons, one of which—and it will appeal—is that we continue in spite of higher costs to publish *THE FIELD AFAR* at one dollar a year and we do not wish to change so convenient an amount.

So we called last month for *Stringless Gifts* and now we desire to publicly express our thanks to all who responded.

The amount so far received is far short of what we need, but it is a substantial relief and, as such, most welcome. We realize that there are many tapping at your garden gate. We hope the tap is gentler than the knocks on our office door. Sometimes we wonder if a charge of dyna-

mite has gone off, or if a ditch-digger is using the pick to signal a demand for his more or less hard-earned money.

Medicine classes started last month and will be conducted by Dr. Paluel J. Flagg and Dr. Clarence Howley, both of New York City.

To the charity of Dr. Flagg, Maryknoll has owed much from the beginning. Other physicians also, notably Dr. Sweet and Dr. Wren of Ossining; Dr. Lynch, eye specialist, and Dr. Perrault, throat specialist, of New York; and Dr. Byrne, Dr. Sweeney, and Dr. O'Malley of Scranton, have contributed their valuable services.

St. Vincent's and St. Francis' hospitals in New York City, and, at Scranton, the Mercy Hospital and the Kellar Memorial, have extended generous and unfailing charity to our sick. In the two former, during vacation time, an opportunity for study was given to some of our students who desired practical training in nursing.

All these good friends share in our work for the missions and in its fruits, and we confidently trust that their own special undertakings will be the more abundantly blessed.

The Maryknoll Auxiliary Brothers now form a group of

about twenty young men. Their place in the Society is indicated by their title, and they are esteemed members of the family, contributing their prayers and work to the great cause.

How are the auxiliary brothers employed? we are often asked. In several capacities. A few inside at clerical work, the others outside on the grounds or the fields, with the stock, as machinists, electricians, and sometimes as assistants to priests engaged on propaganda.

Maryknoll students (who are addressed also as "Brother") work with and sometimes under the direction of the auxiliaries in practically all of the above mentioned occupations.

Will the auxiliary brothers go to the missions? Some will go, but probably the large proportion will remain at home. The brother's place in the mission will be as companion to the priest, and as director of building construction or household management. Again, a few at least will be useful to serve where needed as nurses for the missionaries, and to instruct the native cooks in the preparation of nourishing food. Later some brothers will be needed in the class room for elementary branches, or, if fitted, for higher grade subjects.



THE TENNIS COURT IN WINTER.

G I V E T H E M T H E F I E L D A F A R O R

How reprehensible would be the conduct of one who should look upon that portion of the Lord's field which was assigned to him, as his own property, which no one else would dare to touch. We must give due praise to all these Apostolic Vicars who have laid new foundations for the future kingdom of God in the way we have outlined; and when for this purpose they lacked a supply of men belonging to their own Order, they never hesitated to call in and accept the assistance of other religious institutions. Remember that you are not to propagate the kingdom of men, but that of Christ; that you are not to enroll citizens into any country of this world, but that of the next.

—Pope Benedict XV.

TRULY in the spirit of Christ as portrayed by our Holy Father in the above extract from his Apostolic Letter to the Missions, has our Maryknoll Bishop in China, His Lordship, Mgr. De Guébriant, welcomed assistance from other religious institutions to aid him in his pastoral charge of the millions of souls in his Vicariate. In his visit to Maryknoll at Scranton, as with all at Maryknoll, Bishop de Guébriant captivated the hearts of the Vénarders by his paternal and gracious words of encouragement and approval, and by his assurance to our youthful apostles of a warm welcome from him should they be chosen in the designs of Providence, as missionaries to China. The Vénarders only too gladly would welcome the opportunity to work for souls under the guidance of so truly a zealous and Christ-like leader. They pray for their Bishop that he may live many more years. The Vénarders are proud of the fact that they have been privileged to meet so great a representative of the Church Militant, a captain of the frontier army of Christ, who has planted the standards of Christianity on the very ramparts of the forces of darkness.

THE VÉNARD LETTER

OPTIMISTS tell us that the more we want a thing and the longer we have to wait for it, the happier we shall be when we get it. That's true! And that is why we are so glowingly happy and so warmly grateful to have our heating system in operation.

This is how it came about. Last September we buried over a hundred yards of steam pipes, tucking them in with asbestos coverlets, so that they, at least, might be warm, and we hoped that heat would come with the radiators. Then the Steamfitters' Union had a strike, or a ball, or something, and our

the funds then contributed, would become the tabernacle of the King of Heaven—the dwelling place of the Master. In truth, a Power House it has become, whence radiates the light of Faith, the warmth of Love—the zealous, energetic forces, which make of it the "Heart of the Vénard." It is the trysting place of youthful apostles, wherein each morning, and frequently during the day, they seek and find the Divine powers of faith and charity, with which they hope to spread broadcast the fires Our Lord came on earth to enkindle.

"Master, where dwellest Thou?"

At The Vénard the Master has at least warm and loving hearts whereon He may rest His head. Little did our donors know to Whom they were erecting our Power House. How happy they



BISHOP DE GUÉBRIANT AND THE VÉNARD FLOCK.

radiators were as useful as a pile of junk. They do not function properly in the diffusion of heat, as you know, unless connected to a source of heat. Time was, when we, snug in all the comforts of home, envied the heroic experiences of the pioneer Vénarders who tested their vocation in the Maryknoll hay-loft: but this heatless age chilled our ardent longing for barn-loft dormitories. However, we had faith enough to hope, and this, with the memory of our hot times under the Indian summer sun, kept off the numbness until the Maryknoll spirit sent two students from that place who connected the radiators to a feed-line leading from the steam boiler in the kitchen. These two Maryknollers can always be assured of our warm feeling for them.

"Master, where dwellest Thou?"

Little did we think, three years ago, when appealing to our friends, that our power house, erected during the war with

will be at the knowledge that their sacrifices have been converted into a temporary Chapel—that from it each morning rise to heaven petitions that will bring blessings upon all our friends—graces for youthful "fire-scatterers" who are now in training for the field afar.

Besides study and spiritual duties, a Vénarder's daily occupations are many and varied. All are anxious to acquire as much practical knowledge as possible, and we see them engaged in all trades and sciences. Some are live wires in the wireless room; others prefer to knock around the carpenter shop; then there are machinists, brick-layers and painters, and a few rural spirits who are interested in the cows and chickens. All these pursuits help in the training of a missionary, and in addition to knowing everything of their own vocation Vénarders want to know something of every other vocation.

A MISSION BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS

Welcome interruptions of the daily schedule are "all-day walks". A recent outing, like many before it, had as its destination Ford's Lake. With packs on their backs the hikers started from the college at ten o'clock, in the face of what a mid-Western farmer would call a "dry drizzle." As usual, Mr. Ford, the owner of the Lake and Club house, gave us a hearty welcome. We believe that "too many cooks put out the kitchen fire," so a culinary squad of six was assigned to barbecue the "dogs". Anybody who wished could stay and offer suggestions, not expecting, of course, to have them accepted. The others dispersed, some to the Victrola and fresh cider in the club house, and some to drown harmless worms in the Lake, trying to ensnare gullible "shiners." The table set, all gathered around the festive board, and though some who "saw the stuff made" were abstemious at first, soon there was nothing left but dishes to wash. The trudge homeward was great practice for the rainy season in South China.

"Home talent" entertainments are a delightful indoor sport with us, and Thanksgiving Day was the occasion of the latest. Since talents and tastes differ in each one, the various "acts" were variously appreciated, and although none were hooted off the stage, neither will any forsake The Vénard for the vaudeville circuit.

Skies are laden, the hills are misty, and the ridges and furrows of our truck patches are smoothly covered with snow, but we have little dread of winter. Learning from the ant, the bee, and the squirrel, we have provided well against a wintry siege. We picked the omelets off the egg plants, and stored the cauliflowers in the conservatory, and down in the cellar shelves above shelves bend under the weight of jars of preserved berries, fruits and vegetables,—all the products of our land and labor.

These are only a few of the reasons for our gratitude to Providence on Thanksgiving Day.

*In your own interest and in that of our work, we urge those readers who can do so to take out **now** a **life subscription** to The Field Afar. This will secure the following advantages:*

For You—

- no further annual bills.
- no price raise.
- the assurance of perpetual membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

For Us—

- no worry about keeping you on our lists.

Fr. O'Shea's Notes.



IF William, the Bard of Avon, had been domiciled in these parts, he'd have changed that hackneyed complaint against the weather—prophet, to "now is the summer of our discontent!" Not that we're discontented, or even momentarily "peeved". Far be it from us. But we had heard, even before leaving Maryknoll's classic shades, that it would not do to "tackle" a tropical missionary before breakfast if you cared to get what you were asking for. And experience, even so brief as that of our men, proves that there is "something in it".

Not that the heat is so intense,—but that, like the occasional "gentleman caller" on the young lady of the house—it doesn't know when to leave. March, April and May are a pretty consistent summer season,—with none of the raw days we occasionally get at home in June and July,—but when you add June, July and August, it looks a little like "too much" of a good thing. At least, that is how the veterans diagnose the difficulty,—they will all admit that the weather at any one given time is not too hot to be bearable, but in the same breath they say that it brings with it a certain nervous exhaustion which shows on even the most rugged.

"What so rare" as a dry trip to Naamfootong? But on Sunday, July 11, we had it, even though a half-dozen showers have since cooled off our almost-standard 90 degrees temperature.

Living on two-meals-a-day basis, à la Chinoise, since Fr. Walsh left. Breakfast feels somewhat too long deferred, at times. When one rises at five, he some-

times wonders whether he is eating breakfast or supper at nine. The second meal, at five p.m., seems to come at an ideal time, giving two hours of daylight at this time of the year. (In the tropics, you know, the day is always the same length,—but, as Josh Billings and Fr. Phelan have both expressed it, if you do know it you know something that isn't so. For that fact is a fact only at the Equator.)

Fr. Meyer, the energetic, came down on the raft last week, to spend a few days basking in the intellectual sunshine of Kochow and he stopped long enough to assist at the Baptism of the first orphans of Maryknoll-in China, helping to give the event something of the solemnity it deserved.

No. 1 had arrived on July 24, and was quickly followed by No. 2. Fr. Walsh had been expected to perform the ceremony on his return from Loting; but word coming from him that he could not get back, and No. 2 being somewhat feeble, it was decided to go on as soon as Fr. Meyer should arrive with his voice and camera—the former to help chant our grateful *Te Deum*, and the latter to help the future historian of Maryknoll.

The question of names was a most important one. Never did fond parents spend more time in consideration of such a question. Our own loved ones first suggested themselves,—and then our favorite saints. But, finally, the choice resolved itself into *Mary Louise* for No. 1, and *Teresa Dominic* for No. 2. *Mary*, of course, the One and Only Mother and Patron of us all, particularly of her children of the Knoll,—and *Mary Louise* for the first Teresian to leave Maryknoll for the Mission—the Mission in Heaven. No. 2, *Teresa Dominic*, is named for all the Teresians, and the older and newer names are both represented so that

there would be no mistake. Please God, in years to come, Maryknoll will have many orphanages and hospitals, and many will be the successors to *Nos. 1* and *2*; so it was thought only fitting that Maryknoll's gentle auxiliaries should from the very first be honored with their destined office of foster mothers to our little slant-eyed charges.

Both *Mary Louise* and *Teresa Dominic* are now doing well. They are respectively one and two years old, and were surrendered to us by their parents because there were too many to support. We expect to see many poor little victims of China's paganism and poverty brought to the protecting and vivifying arms of Holy Mother Church's Yuk Ying T'ong (orphanage).

Our Kochow seminarian assisted in singing the *Te Deum* after the baptism, and Fr. Meyer got a few pictures.

July days at Kochow are rather quiet—the boys have all left school to assist in planting the winter crop of rice—and the monotony of study is varied only by the frequent call for the

missioner's services as *Yee-Shaang*, Medical Doctor. Elephantiasis is the latest disease he has had to prescribe for,—but his success thus far encourages him to believe that even here the Pharmacopœia will be enriched by some new discovery.

During the month, Kochow was visited by a theatrical company. For six nights the program continued, and for six days as well. The only time the play was not progressing—it was all one act, I understand—was from 4 to 10 a.m., when the actors were taking a little rest. Some of our American stars may be noted for their vocalization, but they'd hardly compete with the ones that favored our waking and sleeping moments with tones that would tax the seventh octave of a grand piano, and which carried three blocks to the T'in Chue T'ong. Many of our catechists and Christians came in to see the play, which was an unusually moral one, a tragedy based on some heroic deed three or four thousand years ago. It is said that the comedies, as a rule, are of a sinful nature, but this "classic"—as the bill-boards used to say about Uncle Tom's Cabin

"when Father was a boy"—appealed only to the noblest and the best.

Fr. Walsh reports things going along nicely in his place of exile, and he has a beautiful site for Fr. McShane's headquarters. Loting is even ten degrees hotter than our usual ninety—so we are having our retainers make a daily memento for the safe return of their pastor from, to them, "foreign wilds".

August has come in with heavy showers, but so far no floods. Our mail has been long delayed, some political trouble in Canton preventing the junks from sailing.

A PLEA FROM HONGKONG

We never suspected some years ago that anybody from Hongkong would ask to join the Maryknoll Sisters, but recently a promising application came. And a little later the following letter was received from another Hongkong young woman:

We are all most interested readers of *THE FIELD AFAR*, more so since we had the great pleasure of meeting your missionaries when they were down here last year. We have been much struck by the lists of gifts from friends and Circles. Almost all that is required for the chapel, and some household linen, is given, but the *personal wants* of the missionaries are entirely lacking. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that the Catholics of America do not realize that the missionary is living to all intents in the wilderness and that not a thing required by a white man can be bought except in the large cities, and then at double or more than what it costs in the States. After the missionary has paid for his food and absolute necessities, there can be little money left for aught else. Also, the system of washing in China is most primitive. The washing is well soaped, then dashed on the stones about a dozen times, rinsed out, and set to dry. The length of life of all clothing can therefore be well imagined. I am sure that if all this were set out before the American Catholics they would extend their lists. The missionaries' diaries are always so cheerful that only those who live out here can realize the hardships that they must endure. I don't know if your missionaries are provided with white soutanes for home use in the summer, as the Italian missionaries use, and which are made of ordinary long cloth.



AFTER THE BAPTISM OF MARYKNOLL'S FIRST ORPHANS IN CHINA.

BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THE MISSIONS

Long Distance Messages.

BROTHER Joseph Dutton of the leper settlement at Molokai, who some years ago was reported dead, is still very much alive, as the following letter written recently to the Maryknoll Superior, will indicate:

So that you don't count me dead again, I am sending two out of the fifty



AT MOLOKAI—BROTHER DUTTON IN HIS SANCTUM.

thousand you need. The very first million dollars I get I may send you the whole of it—except four dollars, which I shall need for clothing and shoes for the next two years.

Thanks, dear Brother Dutton, but don't stint yourself—keep an extra dollar.

In Japan, some months ago, there was an official conference on Japanese-American affairs, at which several interesting questions—i.e., immigration, Korea, Shantung, etc.—were discussed. This conference was made up of seventeen Japanese and thirteen Americans. All were private citizens and apparently anxious for the best interests of both countries.

The Americans reported candor and frankness on the part of the Japanese, and a high appreciation of the information obtained at the meetings.

The Field Afar for 6 yrs.—\$5.00

The letter that follows brings to our notice the splendid part that Holland is taking in the evangelization of the world:

Since your Fathers were in China, I find THE FIELD AFAR much more interesting. I see that the task of a missionary is about the same everywhere. It is simply wonderful that you have twelve apostles in the field in such a short time.

The death of dear Fr. Price did not astonish me very much. Through his heroic sacrifice he will be the cornerstone of the building.

When the Catholics of America really awake to their duty towards the field afar, what a mighty and irresistible impulse they will give to the cause of the missions. Our little Holland, with only two million Catholics, is doing a great deal, and a Hollander—Cardinal Van Rossum—is Prefect of Propaganda. There are many mission Societies in Holland—Mill Hill, Steyl, Scheut, etc. Then the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Franciscans, Capuchins of Holland, all have their missions in our colonies, or in China, or elsewhere. If little Holland can do so very much, how much more may be expected from big brother America with its twenty million Catholics! I hope it will come soon.

—Fr. van den Bogaard, Ph. Is.

The examination of catechumens is a very serious occasion in the mission fields, but age is a good excuse, as Fr. Aelan testifies in the following lines:

Last week I had the pleasure of baptizing two converts. "He" of about seventy winters and "she" of about sixty-eight summers had been busy learning their prayers. The day came to examine them. Of course, such an examination is not hard, because it is impossible to get much into these old heads.

I asked "him" to recite the Creed. But pointing to "her", he said, "Swami, ask her to recite it. During all these years she has been doing the talking, always arguing and always wanting to have the last word. Let her now recite that prayer!"

Then I asked "her" to say the Creed. But pointing to "him", she rattled, "No, Swami, let him recite it, because all these years he has been scolding me, saying that I am a stupid woman without brains. He always claimed that he alone knew how things should be done, and that I should keep quiet. Let him now show whether he is really so clever!"

As I knew that both had done their best, and had learned as much as they were able, I declared them both "passed" and the following day they were quite happy and peaceful when they were baptized.

The Field Afar for life — \$50.00

SHORT CATECHISM OF CHURCH HISTORY

By RT. REV. MSGR. J. H. ORCHERING, V. G.

It contains two hundred questions with clear, brief answers. Price 25 cents.

Orders sent to THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE will benefit Maryknoll.

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A Century of Religious and Political History in Japan (1549-1650)

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(Missioner of the Tokyo diocese)

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\$1.75 (Postage extra)

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With a Practical Critical Commentary for Priests and Students. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P., Lector of Sacred Theology and Professor of Sacred Scripture in the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary, Ossining, N. Y.

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"Gospel Study Made Easy" seems a fitting description of this new volume. It is a timely, important and labor saving work, based on the latest results of Catholic research and criticism, and is a thoroughly reliable guide.

For Sale by THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE
Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

THROUGH the prayers of you who look upon the names below, may their souls benefit:

Rev. William de la Porte	Carl A. Knecht
Rev. James A. Campbell	Anna J. Casey
Rev. Brother Luethe, S. M.	John Allen
Thomas S. Connolly	Mrs. J. Bauer
Sergt. John J. Connolly	Margaret Bach
James J. Nolan	James Baker
James Ryan	Mrs. D. Murphy
Anna Casey	Michael J. Corrigan
Mrs. Williams	Martin Clarke
Mary E. Clear	Mrs. Julia D. Downey
John M. Clear	Mrs. Patrick Norris
Henry C. Walsh	John Wiles
	Mary Convery
	Thomas Convery
	Philip McGarvey

The friends of the late Cornelius J. Carroll, whose many years in the field of Catholic publishing were marked by a modesty, kindness, and ready willingness to serve his fellowman, that leave with us a cherished memory, desire to express our respect by entering his name for Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society at Maryknoll.

B U Y O B S E R V A T I O N S I N T H E O R I E N T

A-Bursing.

THE Ladies' Auxiliary of the Knights of St. John have signified to our Reverend Director in Los Angeles their intention of founding a Maryknoll Burse.

A Springfield, Mass., subscriber expresses the hope that one of the Maryknoll burses may be reserved for the late Bishop Beaven of that diocese.

Bishop Beaven's name would honor the Maryknoll burse list.

At this writing the latest burse to go into the "completed" list is that of the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattanville. The presentation was made to the Superior of Maryknoll, at the Convent, on the occasion of the Memorial Mass offered for the deceased alumnae. The hope was also expressed that the burse in honor of Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat might soon be noted in the "complete" list of "founders" burses.

The *Mother Catherine Spalding* Burse was, we understand, inspired by the Unit of the Students' Mission Crusade and has been taken up, at the request of the Very Reverend Mother Superior, by all the schools under the direction of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth.

From an interesting letter from Miss Mary Gorey, who represented the Nazareth Academy Unit at the recent Convention of the Students' Mission Crusade in Washington, D. C., we quote:

The fact that the Nazareth Unit hopes to establish, before June 1921, a \$5000 burse in honor of Mother Catherine Spalding, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity, for the education in perpetuity of a priest for the foreign missions, is proof of the enthusiasm of its members.

The prayer offerings bid fair to exceed those numbered in our first report. They are indeed protagonists of the 1920 slogan "Spread!"

The Nazareth Academy Unit is wide-awake and "peptimistic".

Working in union with the Nazareth Unit of Nazareth Academy, Kentucky, are the *Mission Workers* of St. Andrew's School, Roanoke, who recently added \$150 to the Mother Catherine Spalding Burse.

At Columbus, Ohio, the *Diocesan Home and Foreign Mission Society* is making steady progress under the direction of the Rev. P. J. Kilgallen.

The second year of this Society will begin in January. Maryknoll is one of its beneficiaries, and a glance at the *Columbus Diocesan Burse* on our lengthening list will reveal to what extent. We may add that two hundred subscriptions to *The Maryknoll Junior* came recently through the Columbus Diocesan Society.

Among the sons and daughters of St. Vincent in these United States, many have proved that they have a warm place in their hearts for Maryknoll, and they are evidently communicating this warmth to those who come under their direction.

A burse in honor of St. Vincent was recently completed; and now, as will be noted elsewhere, one in honor of Blessed Louise de Marillac, cofoundress, with St. Vincent de Paul, of the Sisters of Charity, is rising rapidly.

The *Blessed Clel* Unit, C. S. M. C., of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, will see that the newly-founded *Blessed Louise de Marillac* Burse is kept moving.

The Unit expresses the hope that this burse may not be as long as St. Vincent's in completing. Of this we are certain, that there is no rivalry between our saints, and we are under the impression that one will help the other to complete both burses.

Some people are watching our burses pretty closely, and an occasional remark leads us to think that they are somewhat surprised to see certain burses hanging back, while others,

started long afterwards, have shot up to the completed list, some with a full \$6,000 opposite their honored names.

There, for example, is the *St. Joseph Burse*. It seems an age since it started, and we thought that clients of the Immaculate Conception's protector would have brought it to an early completion,—but no—not quite yet.

Then there is *St. Patrick*, a patron of our work, an apostle to whose labors the ancestors of many among us owed their Faith. We could not have left St. Patrick off our list of proposed burses without a host of remonstrances and some protests. And yet, since our *St. Patrick Burse* was started the World War has been waged, Sinn Fein has made the world sit up, and all sorts of things have happened, involving the expenditure of billions of dollars and untold sacrifices.

Yet the *St. Patrick Burse* hangs low, with few to regret the fact, and those few too poor to place that blessed name on the honor list.

While on the subject of burses, we recall being asked recently two questions:

(1) *Have you any immediate need of more burses, or are all your students provided for?*

(2) *Do you think that \$5000 is enough to ask in these days for a burse?*

The answers given are substantially as follows:

(1) *We can readily apply even now about seventy more burses.*

(2) *The amount (\$5,000) asked for a burse is based on pre-war conditions. It does not today cover the full yearly cost of a student's board and tuition, but we have not changed the figure as we still hope it will be ample. In the meantime, some of our burses have been kindly increased by benefactors, as will be remarked by a look at the list.*

T H E N L E N D I T T O Y O U R F R I E N D S

The Month's Accounts.

MARYKNOLL LAND SALES
(Original Purchase)

Total area.....4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 10, 1920.....3,055,385 ft.
For sale at 1 cent a foot.....1,394,615 ft.

VÉNARD LAND SALES

Total area at The Vénard.....6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 10, 1920.....1,451,038 ft.
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot.....4,548,962 ft.

If you have, moved send your
new address also the one.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

State	Gift	New Subscribers
Alabama.....	\$ 3.00	3
Arkansas.....	26.00	
Arizona.....	9.00	
California.....	5,568.00	504
Colorado.....	6.00	8
Connecticut.....	257.65	24
Delaware.....	46.60	35
District of Columbia.....	49.60	28
Florida.....	8.90	
Georgia.....	11.00	
Idaho.....	5.25	
Illinois.....	222.00	119
Indiana.....	139.50	177
Iowa.....	23.15	29
Kansas.....	63.00	
Kentucky.....	20.00	
Louisiana.....	4.00	
Maine.....	7.10	9
Maryland.....	122.25	139
Massachusetts.....	*1,363.97	118
Michigan.....	235.35	61
Minnesota.....	1,039.51	28
Missouri.....	276.75	68
Montana.....	11.00	
New Hampshire.....	20.66	53
Nebraska.....	7.00	
New Jersey.....	1,782.89	260
New York.....	†2,879.09	398
North Carolina.....	15.25	
North Dakota.....	16.00	
Ohio.....	1,558.72	3
Oregon.....	3.00	
Pennsylvania.....	3,061.33	145
Rhode Island.....	371.15	20
Tennessee.....	1.00	
Texas.....	1.00	15
Vermont.....	1.00	1
Virginia.....	151.00	15
Washington.....	66.20	78
West Virginia.....	47.00	15
Wisconsin.....	8.00	15

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS

Canada.....	36.25	24
Total of New Subscribers		2,408

*Annuity, \$640.
†Annuity, \$1,000

Four gifts in the past month went over a thousand dollars each. One was an annuity, and another was destined for overseas.

When a Chicago pastor says that he "couldn't be without THE FIELD AFAR", we feel like saying a good word for it ourselves.

It is a St. Louis man who writes:

That little paper "carries the stuff"—condensed in its short articles. If some newspaper men had as much to give as you give, the St. Louis Post Despatch would never be big enough, even without the "ads." I'm glad THE FIELD AFAR is not larger. I should lose my sleep. It's like an electric current—you can't drop it.

Advent is a Mite Box Season.

Many friends of a Maryknoll missionary who was once in the service of Uncle Sam have written for instructions about sending money to their old companion.

The answer is easy. Send a check to him, in care of *The Catholic Mission, Canton, China.*

On their way out, the Maryknoll missionaries were kindly received wherever they went. At Detroit, Fr. Hughes, the rector of the new Preparatory College, said that it would be a proud day for him when one of his boys would start for the missions. In San Diego, where one of the missionaries spoke, the pastor, Fr. McGrath, engaged his congregation to support a catechist in China.

A message of cheer to an old (?) alumnus, with a substantial gift of one hundred and forty dollars to aid him in his exile, went to Fr. Meyer last spring from St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

Wont it be "grand and glorious" when every college in this country is backing one or more of its alumni in the field afar!

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000, the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Vénard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID

Fall River Diocese Fund (Incomplete) \$ 812.14
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund (Incomplete)..... 150.98

VÉNARD STUDENT AID

Vénard Circles Fund, No. 1 (Complete) \$ 1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 2 (Complete) 1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 3 (Incomplete) 198.35

SPECIAL FUNDS

The funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

(Complete)

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 1 \$14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 2 14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 3 14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 4 4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 5 4,000.00
Yewngkong Catechist Fund, No. 1 4,000.00

(Incomplete)

Our Daily Bread Fund.....\$ 1,124.27
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund..... 5,000.00
Altar Wine Fund..... 200.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund..... 260.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund..... 232.55
Sacred Vessels Fund..... 77.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 6 1,000.00
Yewngkong Catechist Fund, No. 2..... 1,042.85
Fr. Price Memorial Catechist Fund..... 532.60
Missioners' Book Fund..... 442.00
Circles' Missioners-Support Fund..... 290.00

In the plan of God we may help one another while living together on this earth: and in the same Divine plan we who still live on earth may help those who have left it.

A Perpetual Memorial Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured by an offering of fifty dollars. (A Bond will be quite acceptable.)

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living—Rev. Friends, 4; Mrs. M. G.; F. A. C.; M. G.; S. K.; M. T. S.; B. M.; M. D.; J. A. H.; Mrs. W. F. S.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. B.; G. and M. C.; M. S.; M. Z.; F. P.; M. C.; A. A.; M. J. C.; Mrs. L. F. C.; E. M.; K. R.; G. F. R.

Deceased—Rev. J. A. Campbell; Mr. and Mrs. Ackland; Mrs. M. Connor; Patrick Brady; Daniel and Joseph Keane; Mrs. K. Lynch; John P. Harrington; Jeremiah Crowley; Maria D. Crowley; Mrs. O. Smith; Dennis Sheridan; Bridget Sheridan; Charles Sheridan; Patrick Daly; Ellen Daly; Daniel Daly; Ellen A. Daly; Edward and Elizabeth Carberry; Mrs. M. King; Edward Langtry; Mrs. M. Quigley; C. T. Barrett; Mrs. J. Mulumpy; M. F. Dolphin; Ellen P. Anders; Margaret E. Lawless; Mrs. Mary McGinley; Anna J. Casey; John Callahan; Philip McGarvey; Joseph Murphy; Andrew Baranch; Agnes M. Lynch; Edward Gladen.

†On hand but not operative.

EVERY FRIEND GAINED TO THE CAUSE

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS

A Burse is a sum of money, the interest of which will board and educate, continuously, one student for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Complete)

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$ 5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Burse.....	15,000.00
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.00
Mary Queen of Apostles Burse.....	5,000.00
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse.....	5,002.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	5,000.00
Holy Trinity Burse.....	6,000.00
Father B. Burse.....	16,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	15,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Siena Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 1.....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 2.....	5,000.00
Bp. Cusack Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Albany Diocese.....	6,000.00
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, No. 1.....	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, No. 2.....	5,000.00
Annulment's Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Rev. John J. Cullen Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
Anonymous Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	5,000.00
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	6,060.00
Bl. Julia Billiart Burse.....	5,434.10
Mother Theodore Guerin Burse.....	5,000.00
Mackay Memorial Burse.....	5,000.00
St. Columba Burse.....	5,563.00
Abp. John J. Williams Burse.....	5,279.21
St. Teresa Burse.....	15,137.27
Sacred Heart Burse, No. 2.....	5,122.63
Holy Ghost Burse.....	5,022.00
Rev. Thomas F. Price Memorial Burse.....	15,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse.....	5,017.26
Manhattanville Alumnae Association Burse.....	5,000.00
James and Catherine Meehan Burse.....	5,000.00

MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Incomplete)

St. Joseph Burse.....	\$4,344.19
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
Our Sunday Visitor Burse.....	4,000.00
Our Lady of Mercy Burse.....	3,856.75
All Souls Burse.....	3,592.96
St. Patrick Burse.....	3,320.38
Cure of Ars Burse.....	3,304.01
Cherubim Centennial School Burse.....	3,216.87
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	2,989.56
St. Anne Burse.....	2,947.87
The Most Precious Blood Burse.....	2,679.16
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	2,139.50
Holy Eucharist Burse.....	2,116.50
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St. Anthony Burse.....	1,937.81
Marywood College Burse.....	1,935.10
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Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	2,696.71
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Holy Family Burse.....	306.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	268.55
St. La Salle Burse.....	237.85

†On hand but not operative.



The Smile Tells

(From a Dunwoodie Poster.)

PASTORAL CO-OPERATION.

We find many priests in charge of small parishes, who are eager to help along the missions in foreign countries. They have not much money of their own to give; and the smallness of their parishes and missions would hardly suggest sending for a Maryknoll priest, if such were available, to solicit subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR. A considerable number of such clerical friends in Indiana and Ohio have accepted FIELD AFAR envelopes, which they distribute to their families, requesting that the envelopes be returned with their subscriptions on the Sunday following.

This distribution of envelopes gives the pastor an opportunity to commend the Church's work in foreign fields and thereby to excite the zeal of his parishioners for the spread of the faith at home and abroad. Appreciation of one's own great gift of faith goes with the effort to bring others into the fold. Then, too, the virtue of charity grows with practice, and the invariable result of training a parish in charitable giving is to make the offerings to the parish itself generous.

We shall be glad to send our special subscription envelopes to any pastor desiring them. Experience has proved that it is easy to interest our people in the labors of foreign missionaries.

The State can force an income tax, which is usually paid grudgingly.

God whispers through conscience, and the Christian man or woman who assesses himself a percentage of his income for the extension of Christ's Kingdom experiences the joy of giving.

Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	215.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	165.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	158.40
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	147.16
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	128.00
St. Bridget Burse.....	125.00
All Saints Burse.....	121.28

VÉNARD BURSSES (Complete)

Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 1.....	\$ 5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 2.....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 3.....	5,000.00
Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson Burse, No. 4.....	5,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,002.00

VÉNARD BURSSES (Incomplete)

C. Burse.....	\$ 3,700.00
Little Flower Burse.....	3,225.96
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	2,500.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse.....	1,540.80
Sodality of Bl. Virgin Mary Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	561.50
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	100.00

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Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse (Complete).....	\$ 1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse (Incomplete).....	601.00
Academia Native-Priest Burse.....	255.60

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

BROTHERS! SCHOOLS! SISTERS!

Are you trying to train your pupils to acts of self-denial for the love of Christ and His Missions? Place a Maryknoll Mite-Box in every classroom and see what a powerful ally it will prove.

A CHRISTMAS STORY WITH A MORAL.

In the shade of a brilliantly adorned Christmas tree little Bertram lay prone on the floor, weeping bitterly.

"Why, Bertie! Crying on Christmas Day?" asked his mother.

Bertie undoubtedly was, and he continued to prove it.

"Have you eaten too much candy?" further inquired his mother.

Bertram answered this absurd question with a sniff so violent that it actually blew dust out of the carpet.

"Don't you like all your new playthings?" pursued his mother.

Bertram raised his head and tearfully surveyed the sled, skates, drum, coaster, bugle, air-rifle, football, and what-not.

"Ye-es," he sobbed—but continued be-dewing the blue roses on the rug with his tears.

"Don't you care for all these?" asked his mother, as she held up "Treasure Island" "How to Pitch Curves," and "The Young Trappers."

"Ye-es," he gasped again—and drew breath for another series of sobs and moans.

"Then why on earth are you crying?" finally demanded his mother.

"Because—you—didn't—subscribe—to The—Maryknoll—Junior—for—me!" Then his mother also wept.

MEANS MORE SOULS FOR CHRIST



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES

WE have received abundantly of the Light that came into the world on the first Christmas Eve. Let us add to the joys of the Holy Season by doing all in our power to bring that Light to minds darkened by idolatry.

On their passage to the Orient our six missionaries received generous gifts from the San Francisco Women's Auxiliary.

The Rev. Thomas F. Price Circle, and the Cathedral Circle, both also of San Francisco, showed themselves "peptimistic."

The Archdiocese of Philadelphia Burse is engaging the attention of Philadelphia Circles. Several have definitely expressed themselves as behind it and have pledged a certain amount. Two Circles have already sent their quota: St. Columba's, \$300—the result of a rummage sale; and Sacred Heart Circle, \$105—the proceeds of a bazaar.

An interesting report has come from Holy Redeemer Parish, Rochester, N. Y. of the splendid work done by the St. Francis Xavier Circle during the past year. A few items will be sufficient to show what can be done in hundreds of parishes in the country. Besides the making of vestments, altar linens, and dresses for Chinese children, this Circle has raised \$2,321.75. Of this amount they have distributed: donations, \$457; Mass stipends, \$593; Maryknoll Perpetual Memberships, \$350; heathen babies, \$135; catechist support (Maryknoll-in-China), \$180; support of Chinese seminarians, \$200; etc., etc. The parish has been singularly blessed in giving to the Church in the fifty-three years of its existence twelve priests and forty-one sisters. A beautiful white silk Service Flag has been placed in the church,

and with it a tablet bearing the names of the parish's sons and daughters in the priesthood and the religious life.

THE LINEN CLOSET.

Please send me list of linens needed for missionary's outfit, giving size, materials, etc. Other suggestions will be appreciated, too. —Tiffin, Ohio.

Will you send me a list of some of your needs along the household line, or tell me what the missionaries need before departing for China? I shall be glad to do my bit. —Lowell, Mass.

Kindly send a complete list of linens, with dimensions, patterns, etc. I will try to assist in this way and interest others. Information for the organization of a Circle will be appreciated. —Oberlin, Ohio.

I am sending you under separate cover a box of altar linens as follows: One set of altar cloths (3); corporals (4); ablution towels (4); finger towels (14); cincture (1). I trust that they may be of use to your missionaries in China. —Evansville, Ind.

You will be glad to know that we have resumed our Circle meetings and are planning to do some special work for Maryknoll. From THE FIELD AFAR we learn that sewing is acceptable and most of us like to sew. Please advise us which of the linens, towels, napkins, etc., you desire the most and we will set to work. —Pawtucket, R. I.

When you get to the end of your rosary, go back to the Cross and say the Our Father and three Hail Mary's for the missions.

If we could get the idea that Christmas is a Birthday, and that our gifts are especially due to Him Whose Birthday we are celebrating, we should improve present thoughtless Christmas ways. So it is a very timely word which we get from Maryknoll, reminding us to make a gift to the Christ Child for the missions, and reminding us also that the only gift suitable for Him is the gift that He desires—the souls of men—all men. The gladdest and most heavenly Christmas we can prepare for ourselves is the one for which we have worked the hardest to gather all the children of the world about the Crib. Two-thirds of the children of the world have never heard of the Christ Child. It is a truly awful total, but every alms and every prayer helps to reduce it. Not one is wasted.

—The Southern Messenger, Texas.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

New mission stations will be opened in China within a few months and more catechists will be needed. We gladly welcome these indications of such interest:

Enclosed is a money order for nineteen dollars, the offerings of some friends and myself for the work of the Chinese catechists. —Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed please find check for \$80 to complete the year's payment for Fr. Meyer's catechist. God grant that he may gain many converts from paganism. —Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed please find five dollars. I shall send this amount every pay day for the support of a catechist, preferably in the field of the Father from Iowa. —Des Moines, Iowa.

Some time ago St. Francis Xavier Circle No. 2 sent you seventy-five dollars for the support of a catechist in China. We are pleased to forward to you now a check for one hundred and five dollars, which completes our payment for one year's support.

—Rochester, N. Y.

With the enclosed check for fifteen dollars we complete our first year's payment for the support of a Chinese catechist. The members have experienced much happiness in thus contributing, and we are busily planning further cooperation in this worthy cause.

How shall I proceed to the organization of a Maryknoll Mission Circle? Our beginnings will be small and for a start it had better be the making of altar linens. Please send us directions. We might then gradually enlarge to other work. —Minneapolis, Minn.

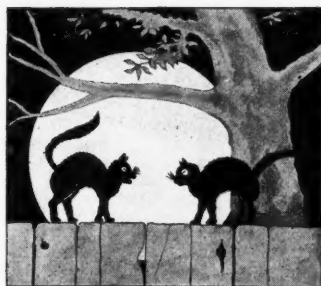
We are forming a Maryknoll Circle and have gathered a band of nearly a hundred members. Our plan is to secure 180 who will give \$1.00 a year each, enough to provide annually the support of a catechist. We are also planning a series of whist parties and will take every means to help the foreign mission cause. We shall be glad of any literature you can provide that will be helpful and suggestive. We have secured the permission of our pastor at the outset. He has enrolled himself as a member and has given us every encouragement.

—Cambridge, Mass.

Clubs and Circles may have The Field Afar, if all copies are sent to one address, for eighty cents a year.

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription, or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."

M A K E T H I S C H R I S T M A S



Thomas—You're late, Tabitha. Were you talking with somebody else?

Tabitha—Now don't get green-eyed, dear. I was only finishing THE FIELD AFAR.

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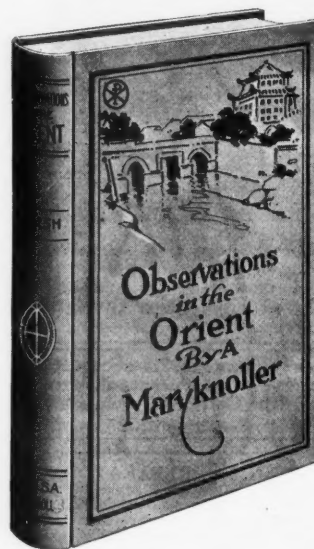
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N. B.—A RED Hand here is a warning.

A BLACK Hand means RENEW TODAY.

